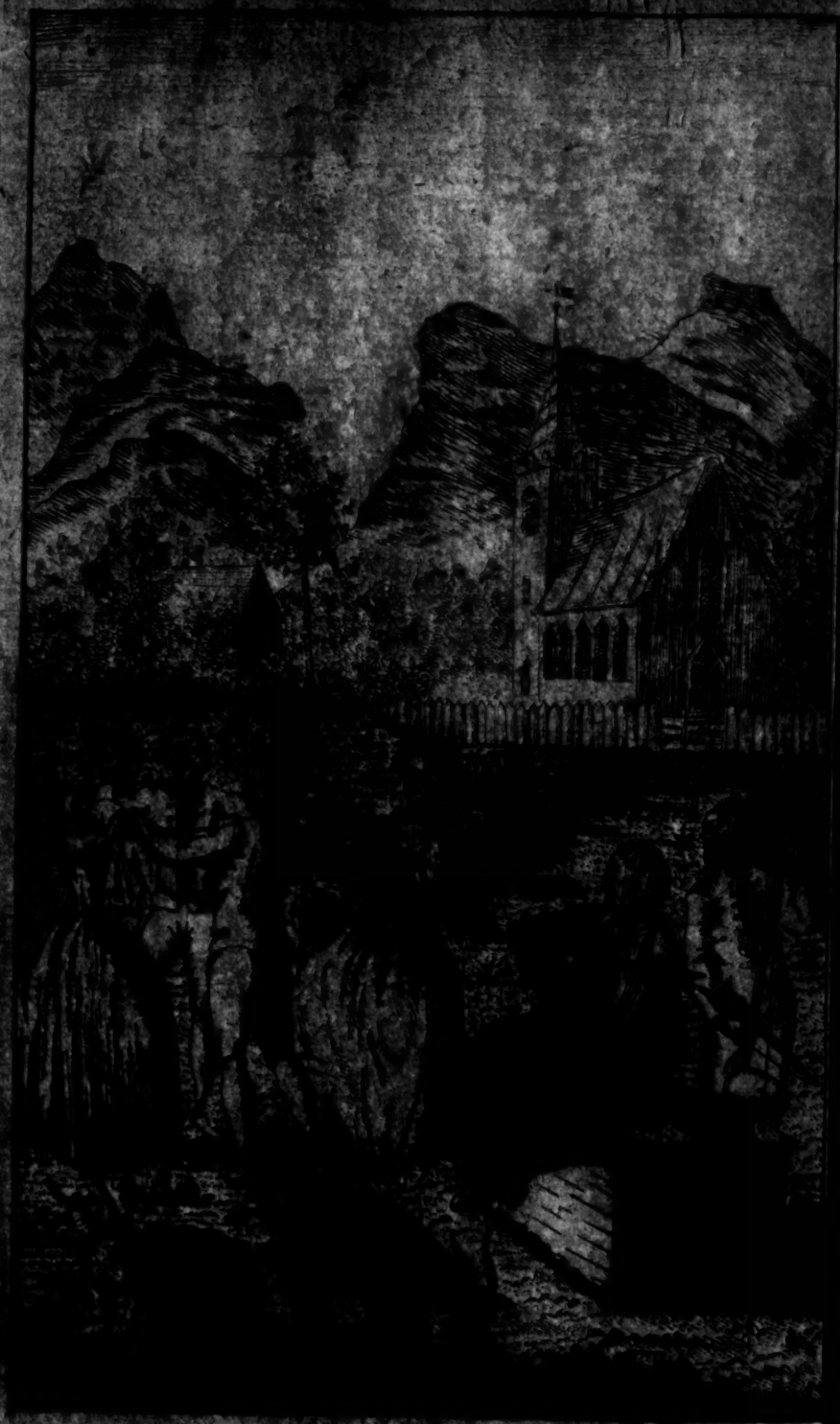


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A
T R I P
TO
NORTH-WALES:
BEING A
DESCRIPTION
OF THAT
Country and People.

Vincit qui Patitur.



L O N D O N :

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T. R. P.
TO
BOTTLE-WAILES:
BEING A
DESCRIPTION
OF THAT
Country and People

By J. P. P.





A
T R I P
T O
N O R T H - W A L E S.

Know not by what Fatality it came to pass, that I was bred up to the Study of the Law ; but, surely the Importunity of others had a greater Hand in it, than any Inclination of my own ; for, I was ever of Opinion, a young Barrister without an Estate (my Case) made as awkward a Figure, as a Dancing-Master in the Habit of a Non-Con Parson ; in regard such rarely get their Bread, till they have lost their Teeth to eat it. However, being called to the Bar, I began to consider, what Way I might best settle myself into Business with the least Certainty of Expence, and the greatest Probability of Advantage. Amongst all the numerous Projects that fill'd my Head, I could think of none like going a *Welsh* Circuit : For happening one Day

6 *A Trip to North-Wales.*

(in *Trinity Term*) to dine at a *Welsh* Judge's House, with whom I was acquainted, I met there some Attornies of that Country, who, in less Time than a Man might say over a *Patronaster*, made all that was set upon the Table invisible; and then, to make us amends, entertain'd us with a romantick Harangue of the Felicities of *North-Wales*, which they talk'd of, as if they had been describing the Land of *Promise*, that flow'd with Milk and Honey; nay, they wanted little of persuading me, that Broad Cloth of Twelve Shillings a Yard grew upon the Hedges; and every now and then, a Request was wedg'd in, that I would come and practise amongst them. There needed not half so many Arguments, to put me upon a Thing I was naturally forward enough to undertake. So the Bargain was quickly struck up, and I fully determin'd to visit *Wales* the very next Circuit.

But, before I proceed any further, I will first premise some Account of the Place and Inhabitants, and then speak of my own Treatment there.

Wales then (anciently called *Gimbrin*) is divided into *North* and *South-Wales*. 'Tis the former of these I propose to say somewhat of. This consists of six intire, tho' small, Counties, viz. *Montgomery*, *Flint*, *Denbigh*, *Merioneth*, *Carnarvan*, and the *Isle of Anglesea*, and is separated from *England* by the Rivers *Dee* and *Severn*.

The Air is the best thing it has to boast of, and will sooner procure you an Appetite, than furnish you with Means to supply it.

The Country looks like the sag End of the Creation; the very Rubbish of *Noah's Flood*; and



all Trip to North-Wales.

and will (if any thing) serve to confirm an *Episcopalian* in his Creed, That the World was made by Chance.

The highest Hills that ever I saw in *England*, such as *Pemgont*, *Ingleborough*, and the likes, are meer Cherry-stones to the *British Alps*; and no more to be compar'd with them, for Stature, than a *Grasshopper* with *Goliath* of *Gath*. (So that there is not, in the whole World, a People that live so near to, and yet so very far from Heaven, as the *Welsh* do.

You cannot travel from Town to Town, but you must needs take the Clouds in your Way; who so gratefully resent your Civility in calling upon them, that you will have no Occasion to complain they send you away dry; for you may, at your Journey's End, beshake your Cloaths with as good a Grace, as any Water-Dog does his shaggy Pantaloon.

A Tree challenges as many Lookers on here, as a Blazing Star, or an *African* Monster, does elsewhere. And for green Things (Leeks only excepted) you might have seen as many in *Egypt* when the Locusts had been rapasceing the Country.

Coaches in many Parts were never so much as heard of, nor can the Natives form any Ideas of them, that are not as disproportioned to the Truth, as *Montezuma's* Conception of the Sea, who had never seen any thing longer than a Horse-Pond. Carts are about the Size, and somewhat of the Shape, of *Brewers Drays*.

Horses are no Rarities, but very easily mistaken for Mastiff-Dogs, unless view'd attentively; they will live half a Week upon the Juice of a Flint-Stone. (For Grass and Hay,

A Trip to North-Wales.

they know as little as Oats.) And they will run upon the Ridge of a Mountain as thin as the Back of a Knife, with as much Security and Speed, as an accomplish'd Race-Horse will exert upon *New-Market-Heath*, or *Salisbury-Plain*.

Their Beasts are all small except their Women, and their Lice, both which are (to an Hyperbole) of the largest Size.

They want not Store of Mutton, that is tolerably sweet, for Meat so lean: But Goat's Flesh (as more suitable to their own rank Constitution) has the Preference; this, forsooth, they call *Rock-Venison*.

These Goats are such excellent Climbers, that the only Way, to be familiarly acquainted with them, is to tender your Respects, by a Musquet Ball.

Little want is there of Fish; such as *Trout*, *Guinaid*, *Salmon*, *Lobsters*, and the like, but no *Maids* to be met with.

Their Beef is as tough as an Artillery Man's Coat upon a Training Day, and requires a very Ostrich's Stomach to digest it.

You cannot suppose they want Pork in a Country so very swinish.

Their Dressing Victuals serves to verify an Old Proverb, That *where God sends Meat, some body else will furnish them with Cooks*.

Their Houses generally consist but of one Room, but that plentifully stocked with Inhabitants; for besides the Proprietors, their Children and Servants, you shall have two, or three Swine, and Black Cattle (White they are never without) under the same Roof, and hard to say, which are the greater Brutes.

They

These Houses have Holes dug in their Sides; that serve them for a double Purpose, both to let in Light and to let out Smoak; they represent both Windows and Chimnies: For, should a Man have a Chimney perching on the Top of his thatch'd Mansion there, he would stand in great Danger of being prick'd down for High-Sheriff.

Cow-dung is their principal Firing; and the neater Sort use Swine's Dung instead of Soap.

Necessary Houses are the only Places reputed needless here: Perhaps the same Pot that boils their Food serves them for another Use. This you may assure yourself, there is very soft treading near a *Welsh* House, for those that are troubled with Corns. In a Word, it is an absolute Cataplasm; but no Carrion will kill a Crow.

Thus much for their Habitations: Now for those that dwell in them.

Some suppose them to be descended from the same common Parents with us; but to hear one of them talk, you would take them for a Sort of *Præ-Adamites*, nor can there be any thing imagined so troublesome, as a *Welshman*, when possessed with the Spirit of Genealogy. They are, doubtless, the true Offspring of the ancient *Britons*; and have crept into this obscure Corner of the World, no Ways able to recompence the Toil of Conquest: They liv'd many Ages undisturbed, and as safe as a Thief in a Mill, till our *Edward*, with much a-do, cudgell'd them into Humanity, and persuaded them

them (some against their Will) to live a little like the rest of their Neighbours.

Wolves were formerly as plentiful among them, as Pickpockets at a Conventicle, till their Princes being obliged to pay a yearly Tribute of Three hundred: In Process of Time, no noxious Vermin, but the Inhabitants were left in the Land.

They have this in common with the *Jews*, that they ever marry in their own Tribe, which, as it is detrimental to them, so it is highly advantageous to all others.

Their Language is inarticulate and guttural, and sounds more like the Gobbling of Geese or Turkeys than the Speech of rational Creatures. It is stuff'd as full with *Apis*, as ever you saw a Leg of Veal with Parsly.

They are so well vers'd in the History of their Descents, that you shall hear a poor Beggar Woman derive her Extraction from the first Maid of Honour to *Nimrod's* Wife, or else she thinks she is No-body.

If they want a Pewter-Spoon or Porringer in their House, yet will they by no Means be without a Pedigree.

The Itch is more hereditary among them than Estates; and they have Lice upon all their Bodies. To remedy the former of these Inconveniencies (the other is not reputed any) they anoint themselves so profusely with Brimstone, that their Shirts and Shifts might almost serve instead of Card-matches; so that they are intolerable Company, if once they get the Wind of you.

They are such great Lovers of Cleanliness, that they never shift above four Times a Year.

and that exactly upon Quarter-day, except it happen to be Leap-year.

Most of the middle (and all the meaner) Sort, are as absolute Strangers to Shoes and Stockings as to moral Honesty: Whereby their Legs and Feet become in Time so callous, that hardly any thing will hurt them.

For their Christianity (if you'll believe *Tertullian*) they came by it very early; but, like an old Coat, it is now grown so thread-bare, that you can hardly make it out, that there ever was such a Thing as Christianity among them.

They preface every thing with *God* and *Saint Taphy* know; which Saint was a very worthy Gentleman, that could play at Back-sword with You may read of him plentifully in that excellent Book, call'd, *The History of the Seven Champions*; to which I refer you for further Information.

Their most usual Imprecations are these; *May bur never wear Leek more; May bur be eboated with toasted Cheese; and the Tipbit bite bur Head off.*

Their Churches somewhat resembled the Jewish Tabernacle converted into a Pidgeon-house. Their Pews look exactly like the Pens for Geese, Calves, and Hogs in *Ramford-markes*, or *West-Smithfield*. And there it is, that (by Way of Ornament, not Use) they deposit those few Bibles they have.

Their Pulpits (generally the Trunk of some hollow Tree) are badly covered, and worse lined. Their Priests (which are made of the vilest of the People) have just Latin enough to incite them to the Benefit of the Clergy, and

no more. For *Greek*, it suffices them to have heard there is such a Thing in the World, they never trouble themselves about it. *Hebrew*, they are the best qualified for that can be, partly in Regard of their own guttural Pronunciation, and partly because its Roots flourish best in barren Ground; but they are as absolute Strangers to it, as the rest of the uncircumcised World.

Yet it is rare to see any of them without the Rubrick and *Cambridge* Arms, *Luccin* & *Pocula*, Fire and Cups in their Faces; so very conformable are they.

Their Surplices are full as coarse (and almost as white) as Carmens Frocks; you would take them for spiritual Muckenders, for they are perpetually wiping their Noses on them.

Five Marks a Year will creditably and comfortably maintain one of those illiterate Sir *Johns*; his Wife, and six Children; nor do they deserve one Penny more than they have. They are universally the Sow-gelders and Ale-house-keepers of their respective Parishes.

I heard a Parson recommend, in publick, a Woman that had the *French-pox*, first to the Mercies of God, in his Prayer, next, to the Charity of all pious well-disposed Christians, that knew not how soon it might be their own Condition.

At *Penmorthey*, some of our younger Sort sent one Evening for a Fidler; and who do you think should come, but the Reverend Doctor of the Parish, who pull'd a small squeaking Instrument (miscall'd a Violin) out of a Shit in his Cassock, and began to make as good Melody as three or four Cats in a Garret at Midnight? A Person present threw a Cake of Butter

Butter at him, which so obnoxious one, Side of his Ecclesiastical Chops, he threatened to complain to his Diocesan, who was a Justice of Peace; but was soon stopped by a Present of Six-pence; a Sight, I suppose, he had not been bless'd with since last Easter Offerings. After which, he was so very pliant to the Humors of the Company, that you might, without Offence, have kicked him like a Foot-ball.

You may expect, but will not find, any Rings of Bells here; yet most of their Churches have one, about the Bigness of a large Candlestick, hung upon (not in) a Thing like a Steeple, as a Mushroom is a Millpost. This is generally rung out upon any joyful News.

I remember once we had a Church-warden's Accounts canvas'd in Court, and among other Things, there are these that follow.

Item, Three-pence for a twisted Hay-rope to the Bell at St. Mary's Church.

Item, Seven-pence for a Gate, to keep off Thomas Ap Richard's Cow from devouring the aforesaid Rope.

Their Church-yards serve the Dead for Burying, and the Living for a Dancing-place, and that every Sunday; for there you shall see a blind Harper mounted upon a Grave-stone, making admirable Harmony, and surrounded by the Long-ear'd Tribe, like another Orpheus amongst the Beasts.

For their civil Government, it is after the Model of England; but, in many Things, as much varies from it, as the Turkish Algoran does from the Scotch Directory.

They have Judges of their own, that carry with them, in their Circuits, an itinerant Chancery,

very, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Chancery; so that the same Flaid that inflicts the Wound, and common Law, applies the Equity Plaster also.

In three Weeks Time they will sue a Man to an Out-lawry. It is the Form of one of their Proclamations; *or Morgan Gadowladet, Gent.* come forth and answer to *Jane ap Rice Williams*, in a Plea of Dower; for else you lose three Kings, Price Fifteen Shillings.

They are very favourable to their own Countrymen, and will by no Means subject them to any capital Punishment; an Instance of which we had in our Circuit, where we could not hang one Man. There was a Fellow indicted for Sheep-stealing, and a very pregnant Evidence of his Guilt produced; yet the thick-scal'd Jury brought him in guilty of Man-slaughter. But Strangers are not to expect such fair Quarter.

Their Civil Actions are brought upon very frivolous Accounts. As for your Plens scraping up a Daisy in your Neighbour's Garden; for a Phillip on the Nose; for saying you are no true Welshman, and the like.

No Man will appear there, either upon a Jury, or a Witness, unless he be called by his Addition of Quality, as well as Name; as *Hugh Owen, Esq.* *Evan Roberts, Gent.* nay, it has been known, that when my Lords the Judges have in their Circuits been so crowded, as to be well might stifled upon the Bench; and the Sheriff has found all his Mandates to keep the King's Peace, upon Pain of Rebellion, invalid, he has at last been forced to cry, All you that are Gentlemen of Wales, and Lancashire, &c.

stand off, and keep your Distance, which has effectually done the Business.

They are of a hot, cholerick Temper, and will, upon a Word's speaking, run at you with their Knives full drive. But as their Valour is soon kindled, so it as quickly evaporates.

For their Women, they are happy that know them only by Report, so to have to do with them is, in a literal Sense, to be guilty of the Sin of Uncleanness.

Reading is a valuable Accomplishment amongst both Sexes, but, to be able to write too, makes them presently commence Rabbits. For many, even of the better Sort, think themselves no mean Scholars, if they have once attained to be able to set their Marks to a Deed.

Their Wenches inspire Meat with their naked Teeth, which are full as sweet as clean's, so that, had *Cornelius Agrippa* seen *Wales*, 'tis more than probable, he had rank'd their Cookery amongst his Vanities of Sciences.

Butter is there of a dark yellowish Complexion, mix'd with green; and you must hold your Nose in your own Defence, before you can get it into your Mouth. However, 'tis very good to grease Cart-wheels.

Eggs bear no Price, unless they have Chickens in them, and then they are as much coveted, as *Green Pease* in *January* by a *Big-bellied Woman*, or *Spiders* by a sick *Monkey*.

Toasted Cheese epitomizes all Dainties with them; and they eat it with as much Luxury as the *Scotch* do *Steenbarnack*, or the *Irish*, *Bonni-clabber*. It is made of Cows Milk, mix'd with that of Goats, Bitches, and Mares. For that an *Englishman* would as soon choose to dine with

with a hungry *Tartar* upon Sun-burnt Horse-Flesh, as put a Bit of it into his Mouth.

Forks they never use, looking upon Fingers as the more primitive Institution.

Their Liquor is of a pale deceitful Complexion, but as treacherous in its Effects, as the worst of those that either brew or use it.

To sum up their Character in one Word :

They live lazily and heathenishly; they eat and drink nastily, lodge hardly, snore profoundly, belch perpetually, shift rarely, louse frequently, and smoke Tobacco everlastingly.

An Account of my Entertainment amongst 'em must now ensue.

I had no sooner passed the River *Dee*, but I began to grow sensible I was not in *England*; for the Country, I was got into, look'd no more like it, than if a Man had been in *America*, or the most uninhabited Parts of *Arabia*. There was a savage Air in the Face of every Body I met, that plainly told me, These must be descended from *Brutus*, the Nephew of *Virgil's* Hero.

The first Town, we stepp'd in, was the *Welshpool* in *Montgomeryshire*, where we were so commodiously lodged, that it may be presumed *Marius*, when in the *Fens* of *Minturnum*, lay in a Palace, compar'd with this ill-favour'd Resemblance of an Inn. We got early to Bed, in regard of our next Day's Journey, which consisted of twelve *Welsh* (that is to say, thirty-six *English*) Miles; for every one of them was a complete *Dutch* League.

I had not gone above a third part of the Way, ere my Horse lost a Shoe, an ordinary Misfortune in that rocky Country. I desired the Judge

to stay till he was shod, but he told me he could not, for he was oblig'd, by such an Hour, to meet his Brother at the City of *Dinas Moubaye* (a Place I shall no more forget, than a Parliament Soldier *Edge-Hill* or *Marston-moor*) which, as he said, lay strait on, and was but six Miles distant. I ordered my Man to book it down to prevent Mistakes; and expected to find a Place, at least, twice as big as *Sbrewsbury*. Well, I got my Beast shod, with much ado, by a very Beast as himself: a Smith that could speak no more *English* than a Dromedary, and work'd at least three Fathom under ground, like the ancient *Troglodites*, *Herodotus* and *Strabo* mention.

The first Object I met, I had like to have mistook for a Piece of *German Clock-work*; his Head, Hands, and Feet, all kept Time; whilst he put himself to no less Pains than *Hercules* in cleansing the *Augean Stables*, to make a living *Automaton*, call'd a *Kessel*, or Horse, move. The Creature appear'd thoroughly to have imbib'd the Doctrine of Passive Obedience, and no more valued his Rider's Stripes and Kicks, than the *French King* does the Duke of *Modena*; but still preserved, in his Pace, a Majestick *Spanish Gravity*: It look'd as if lineally descended from *Praise God bare Bones*, and was so gross an Idolater, that almost every Moment it bow'd down to Stocks and Stones. Friend says I, which is the Way to the City of *Dinas Moubaye*? He survey'd me with as great Attention, as if he design'd to draw my Picture, for a full Quarter of an Hour; and then comforted me with a *Diggon Comrague*, *Dimfarwick*, i. e. (as I was afterwards told) *I can speak Welsh, but no*

B
English.

English. At last, riding on (after not a few perplexing Fears) I was got into the Middle of the City, enquiring the Way to it; till a Woman, that had Shoes and Stockings on (whom, for that Reason, I took to be a Person of Quality) told me I was in the High-Street. Casting my wonder-struck Eyes about here and there, by some half Pikes, that over-topp'd a small Cottage, I began to perceive my Judge was got into his Grandeur, and so it prov'd.

I found him in the uppermost Room of the House (that had notwithstanding a Clay Floor) which was hung with as noble and elegant Tapestry as ever Spider's Room produc'd.

The Porridge-pot (bold as it was) fac'd his Majesty's prime Commissioners of Oyer and Terminer, without the least Appearance of Shame: but the Broom, as if good Housewifery were quite out of Countenance, was modestly retir'd into a Corner, behind the Door. It had two Beds at the Upper-end, a Goat and two Pigs at the Lower-end, and a Fire-place in the Middle. His Lordship bad me welcome, and told me I came in Pudding Time; for they were just going to Dinner, and stay'd only for Mr. Mayor: Ay, thought I, it must needs be a blessed Mayor that belongs to this Corporation; and in the Midst of my Contemplations, his Worship was pleas'd to appear.

There was a Fellow that carried a Batoon or Truncheon (daub'd with yellow at each End in Imitation of Gilding) much of the same Fashion with those the Marshals of the City Militia carry before their Captains, instead of a Mace before him.

He

He was of a Presence sufficiently august and venerable, for he had just such a Face as our Sign-Post-Daubers give King *Harry VIII.* of glorious Memory; and it might be divided, as Dr. *Heylin* has done the Kingdom of *Poland*, into Wood-Land and Champion: The nethermost Part was lamentably over-grown with Hair, which much resembled *Bafat* a Baker. His Hat might be worth about two Groats, for the Kitchin stuff that was on it; but, setting aside that, the whole Inventory of his Wearing Apparel had been over-rated at Six-pence. His Cloaths hung about him like Bandileers or Sausages; and, to speak the Truth, he was the raggedest Dog of a Magistrate that ever my Eyes beheld.

However, the Judges gave him the Right-hand of Fellowship, and set him at the upper End of the Table, where, after a little of the *Welsh* Ale had invaded his *Pericranium*, his Tongue run as nimbly as Wild-fire, and that so very long, that the Philosophers, who were at a Loss for perpetual Motion, might have found it there.

I remember (amongst other things) pointing to a House over the Way, that the Sun shone thro' in about five and forty Places (and where one would have thought a Dog, or a Cat, could not have subsisted a Fortnight without catching Cold) *Cot knows* (says my old Gentleman) *bur Family has flourish'd there these Eleven Hundred Years.*

From thence we departed, after Dinner, for the Town of *Dolgellthie*, in *Merionethshire*, where we kept our first Assizes, or to (speak in their Language) Great Sessions.

In our Passage, upon the Brow of a Mountain, we were met by the High-Sheriff, at the Head of the Gentry: They were such as would hardly have pass'd Muster for petty Constables here; but there it was every one Colonel such a one, and Justice such a one. They were mounted upon little Keffels, about a Cubit and a half high, to which a *Scotch* Galway, or *Irish* Garron, look'd like *Bucephalus* himself; but what they wanted in Stature was abundantly supply'd with the Length of Mane and Tail, and a deep Channel between every Brace of Ribs.

This Town of *Dolgeltblie* had several Things very remarkable belonging to it; of which, the most memorable were these.

First, It was wall'd with Walls six Miles high, meaning a Ridge of Rocks that environ'd it: And they were such, I'll assure you, as would have bid Defiance to *Hannibal* and all his Vinegar.

Then we came into it under Water, and out of it over Water. A boarded Channel convey'd a small River over our Heads; and we went out of it over a Bridge, *Mors Anglicano*.

Then the Steeple grew. There was but one Bell, a mere Tintinnabulum, and that hung in a Tree, which, to do the Country Right, was the only Tree I saw growing there: For, setting aside that, I did not see living Timber enough to make a Whipping-Post of.

Lastly, There were more Ale-houses than Houses in it; for every House was subdivided into divers little Tenements, each of which sold Drink apart.

Surrounded by a vast Tribe of the bare-footed Regiment, we got, at length, to our Lodgings; where

where I desired my Landlady to shew me a good Room: *That shall you have,* says she, *God knows: And such a one as Christ nor Saint David ever lodged in.* And in that she spoke nothing but Truth; for it was a Ground-Chamber, whose Walls looked as if they had catch'd the Leprosy. They were plaistered with Mortar of twenty different Sorts of Colours; and at the Bed's-head was a Cranny, through which the Wind diluted with Force enough to blow off a Man's Night-cap.

No less than a whole Cart-load of monumental Timber was carv'd into my Bed-stead; and it was to be ascended by a Ladder of six or eight Steps; so that it was highly necessary for a Man to make his Will before he went into it, lest, if he had tumbled out in the Night, he had awaken'd in another World the next Morning, as infallibly he must have done.

The Ticking was so obdurate, that it seemed to be quilted with Flint-stones instead of Feathers; and perfectly drew Indentures in my Flesh.

Upon the Teaster, a whole Race of *Witch* Spiders, descended, as I presume, from the great *Cadwalader*, hung in Clusters, ready to drop into my Mouth, if I slept with it open.

I had a Pair of Sheets laid on as coarse as any Nutmeg-grater: I wish, to my Comfort, I could have said they had been half as clean; for they look'd of as dimsy a Complexion, as if they had scrubb'd half the Kessels, or Horses, in the Country with them. When I expressed my Dissatisfaction, and told my Landlady, I did, at least, depend upon the Civility of a Pair of clean Sheets, as being us'd to wear pretty good

nen: She reply'd, *God knows I need not be so nice; they had not been lain in but six or eight Weeks; she took them fresh off her Husband's Bed.* And then, you know, I had no Reason to complain.

Well——in I got, but could no more sleep, than if I had been in *Regulus's* Barrel, or Little-cage; for I had a Regiment or two of Fleas immediately at free Quarter upon me; which prov'd such admirable Phlebotomists, that I hardly knew myself next Morning, when I came to consult a Looking-glass. And they may talk what they will of their black Cattle, I am sure I found some of a different Complexion next Morning; and, in a Week's Time, I was grown so complete a Grazier, that I could have stock'd e'er a Tartar in the County. My Judge lodg'd in somewhat a better Room overhead; and following him down Stairs one Day, I had the Luck to find an over-grown Louse of the first Magnitude, on his Scarlet Robes. I was at first strongly tempted to lay violent Hands on it, for its Audacity; but at last resolved to let it alone; concluding it must needs, some Time or other, fall into the Hands of Justice; as no doubt but it did, though unknown to me.

My Man they cramm'd into a Hole in the Roof of the House, the Hieroglyphick of an Oven, much about the Size of an *English* Hen-roost; where notwithstanding, as he told me himself, he made a Shift to enjoy a more comfortable Repose than his Master could meet with.

But this was not all: Misfortunes rarely come single: In the Middle of the Night (wanting the

the usual Fortifications of Lock and Bolt to my Chamber Door) in comes a great Sow, who, I suppose, had been Tenant in Possession there before, and came to claim a Re-entry. She was so very big, that I was horribly afraid she would have pigg'd under my Bed: With this grunting Chamber-fellow I was obliged to pass over the Night, but never in my whole Life before pray'd either so heartily, or so often, *Phosphore redde Diem.*

Next Morning, occasionally consulting a Bit of Looking-glass that was pasted up against the Wall (in which a Pigmy could not see his Phiz, but by *Synechdoche*) I found I was grown an absolute Stranger to my own Countenance, so miserably had my Cannibals excoriated and disfigured it.

When I got up, I call'd for a Bason of Water, to see if the liquid Element would contribute any thing towards meliorating my Looks. The Wench (to shew the Frankness of her Temper) brings no less than a Pailful, but so very dirty, that (excepting her own Face) I saw nothing likelier to turn a Man's Stomach in a Morning fasting. All that I shall say of my Towel is, That it was very correspondent to my Sheets.

I next sent out for a Barber (resolving to set the best Face upon Matters I could) and, in about half an Hour's Time, in comes a greasy Fellow, swift to shed innocent Blood, who, in a Trice, from a portable Cupboard, call'd his Codpiece, pulls out a Woollen Night-cap (that smelt very much of human Sweat and Candle-grease) and about two Ells of Toweling, of so coarse a Thread, that they might

well have serv'd a zealous Catholick instead of a penitential Hair-cloth.

After some fumbling, he pulls out a Thing he call'd a Razor, but both by the Looks and Effects, one would easily have mistaken it for a Chopping-knife; and with pure Strength of Hand, in a short time, he shaved me so clean, that not only the Hairs of my Face, but my very Skin was become invisible; for he left me not sufficient to make a Patch for an *Æthiopian* Lady of Pleasure: I gave him a small Piece, bearing *Cæsar's* Image and Superscription; at which he doff'd me so low a Bow, that the very Clay Floor was indented with his Knuckles, and so he reverently took his Leave.

Going into the Kitchen, which was as near my Chamber as might be, I found my Landlady preparing for a very nice Piece of Cookery, and that was to make a Fricassee of Chickens, by the Help of a Whistle that summoned also her Maids and Hogs. The young Family were soon got to their Rendezvous; and when she saw a full Appearance, a good Biller, artificially managed, made the *Mittimus* of about Half a Dozen of them in a Moment's Space; both their Feathers and Skins were stripp'd, and the poor Creatures handled with more Barbarity, than a *London Hangman* ever us'd a Traitor's Body.

Whilst I stood in a brown Study, contemplating her Nearness, I was on a sudden surpriz'd with a Noise, much resembling that of Coopers, Trunk-makers, Pewterers, and Tinkers, in Concert: In a Word, *Babel* itself never produc'd a more confus'd or inharmonious Jargon.

Upon

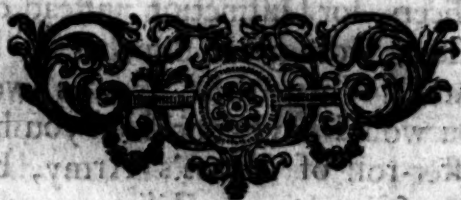
Upon putting my Head out of the Window, I found it was a Company of their Militia, marching into a Valley to perform their Exercise: they did so exceedingly revive in my Memory the Black-Guards, that I was some time before I could persuade myself I was not at *Charing-Cross*.

They went as the unclean Beasts enter'd the Ark, by Couples; most of them had Swords stuck in the Waistband of their Breeches for want of more regular Belts; they had Quires of brown Paper stich'd upon their Stomachs to keep off Bullets; and about two Thirds of them were arm'd with Birding-pieces, as if they were going to make War with the Sparrows, Field-fares, and Jackdaws; the rest carried long Poles, miscall'd Pikes: their Colours seem'd to be patch'd together out of some old *Darneux* Curtains; what their Impress was I could not learn. Their Drums were Pails and small Tubs, headed with Pedigrees, which made a terrible Noise; their Officers, for Distinction, instead of Scarves and Corsets, wore great Bunches of Leeks in their Hats. When their Names were call'd over, you would have concluded you had heard the Muster-roll of *Xerxes's* Army, but 'twas only, *Vox, & præterea nihil*.

As I cast my Eyes around, I espied an Object that methoughts (in regard of his rueful Looks, and wretched Habit) was intitled to Compassion, if not Charity; and he seem'd with a very moving, tho' dumb Rhetorick, to invite me to a Conference; but, bless me! How easily are we Mortals mistaken? This very individual numerical Animal, who was the absolute Hieroglyphick of a Scar-crow, instead of asking me
an

an Alms, as I verily expected, came to proffer me a Fee, or rather Bribe; for it seems, some malicious Neighbours of his had a Month's Mind to make him High-Sheriff of the County, he being a substantial Gentleman, worth Sixty Pounds *per Annum*, and he was desirous to use my supposed Interest with the Judges to get him excus'd.

Thus was I introduc'd into the Circuit; what further memorable Passages did occur in, and out of Court, I design, if this meets with a friendly Reception, to make the Subject of a Second Part, and so for the present shall give a little Repose to my Pen and Fingers-ends.

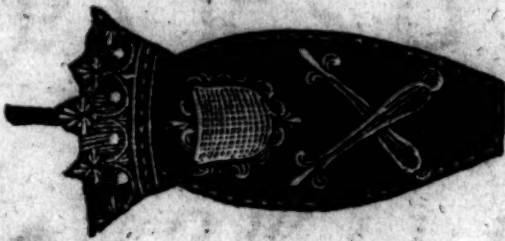


As I had my Eyes now, I closed my Eyes, that methought (in regard of his useful Look, and wretched Habit) was suited to Compassion, it not being; and he stand with a very moving, I thought, to have me in a Comforter, but I felt me: How easily we Morals mistake! This very individual, we moral Assistants, who was the whole friend, glyptic of a Scar-crow, instead of asking me

A
FUNERAL
SERMON,

Preached by the

PARSON
OF
LANGWILLIN.



LONDON:

Printed for J. TORBUCK, in *Clare-Court,*
near *Drury-Lane.*

GENERAL
SERMON

Preached by the

PARRSON

OF

LAWG WILLYM.



LONDON:

Printed for J. Torrington, in Glass-
near Drury-Lane.



**FUNERAL
SERMON,
Preached by the
PARSON
OF
LANGWILLIN.**

TEarly beloved Brethren; I am here among you to make a great Preachment upon a dead Body: My Text is in the tenth and twentieth Chapter of the *Maccabees*,

bes, the Ferse, indeed, I cannot very well remember, but I am sure it was there; the Words are these, *Figitate & orate*, that is to say, *Watch and pray*. I will stick to my Text, I will warrant you: Our Great-Grand-Father *Adam* was a fery cood old Man, indeed, indeed, Truth he was, and lif'd in Cod's own House, in Paradise, a fery fine Place, I will warrant you; he had all Things provided, to his Hands, he needed not to puy a Spoon or a Nocking, he hat all Sorts of Trees, as Plumb-trees, Pear-trees, Sherry-trees, and Codling-trees, but for want of Cood-take-heed, hur was fall. Our Creat-Grand-Mother *Eve*, a Pox take her for a Plague, Pogo must needs go rop an Orchard, the Tephil shew'd hur the Way, for there is no Mischief on Foot but the Tephel and the Woman must hafe a Finger in the Pie; so hur was come Home, and persuade hur Husband to eat some of hur stolen Apple, it was Cod's Mercy it did not stick in hur Throat and cheak him: After this, she was prose with Child, and prought to pet of prafe Poy, and call hur Name, I cannot fery well remember—Oh *Cain*, yea, *Cain*; it was this prafe Poy, but unlucky Rogue, like hur Mother: After this, hur was prought to ped of nother prafe Poy, and call hur Name *Apel*, oh that was cood Lad; and now I come to part with my Text; hur was pray, and had hur watch too, pefore Cod, hur Prether *Cain* had not come behind hur Pack and knock hur Prains out; this was murdering Fillan, so hur was forced to out-run hur Country, and so into a strange Land, which taught hur

hur strange Tricks : O this Sin of Murther, my
peloved, prought heafy Shudgment upon the
Earth, and what do you think it was ? I will
tell you then, it prought these Lawyers and
Pum-pailiffs to rop the People of their Estate
and Money ; after this, my pelosed, was come
another Sin upon the Earth, and prought hea-
fier Shudgment along with it, and what do you
think that was ? I will tell you then, it prought
these consuming Catpillers, these destroying Lo-
custs, these hellish Vermin, join'd together with
Excise-men and Custom-house-officers, to pry
into every Nook, and look into every Corner
for Trop of cood Trink, marry ; Cod confound
them all, and from them *libera nos Domine*, that
is to say, Cood Lord deliver us : My pelosed,
peware, I pefeech, of this loathsome Sine of
Trunkenness, for our Creat-Crand-Father *Noah*
had no sooner scape Scouring in the Ark, and
cot safe to Land again, but he went to the first
Ale-house he could find, and there was trink,
trink, trink all Day, and all Night, and then
come Home trunk, and puse hur Family, so I
doubt it is with to many of you : My pelosed,
at the treadful Day of Shudgment, when the
Pastors shall be called to gife an Account of the
Sheep delifered to their Sharge, and when the
poor unworthy Parson of *Langwillin* shall be
call to gife an Account for the Sheep delifer
to my Sharge, and when the Lord call, I will
not hear, and when hur call again, I will not
answer, and when hur call a third Time, I will
say as old *Ely* bid *Samuel* say, Lord, speak,
thy

thy Servant heareth thee; and when he ask me
for the Sheep deliver'd to my Sharge, before
Cod, I will tell him flat and plain, you are
all turn'd Coats (i. e.) Goats.

